

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Vol. LXII

FEBRUARY, 1943

No. 3

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# The Latin School Register



Vol. LXII

February, 1943

No. 3

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# L'HISTOIRE DE JEAN COMPAGNON DE ROLAND

## CANTO I

### LA RENCONTRE

- I. Out from the leafy woods he rode,  
Astride his night blaek stallion  
With lance in hand and sword in sheath.  
He rode and rode ever seeking risk  
Beyond the valleys, down the slopes,  
Through every forest, stream, and notch.  
For days and days, for nights and nights,  
Good Jean went on in all the clime.
- II. The night was cold, and all around  
The countryside, a frosty wind  
Both sharp and shrill, did loudly screech,  
And found its way in every place.  
Cold was the moon and sky that held  
The drops of moonlight that leaked through stars.  
Kind Jean, his shield in front to guard  
Against wind, saw in the distance fires  
And men. He spurred his horse and soon  
He reached a band of knights like him.  
Their camp was sheltered from the wind  
By large and firry trees. The gale  
Could find no entrance—all was warm.
- III. In toothsome feast the knights indulged;  
And there among his famous men  
Sat mighty Roland, Paladin  
Of Charlemagne, king of the Franks.  
He saw good Jean outside his camp  
And bade him join the gay repast.  
When Jean and Roland after met,  
They came fast friends, and Jean went with  
Liege Roland when the camp broke up.

### LE SERMENT

- I. For miles and miles the two rode on  
With all the train of Roland bold.  
Wherever they went, great good was done;  
And all folk were cheered by their welcome sight.
- II. The spring soon came, and Jean took leave  
Of Roland, but they vowed to meet  
Next Christmas at the town of Tours.

## LE CHATEAU

- I. The tall green grass for miles around  
Swayed to and fro in soothing winds;  
And lively bees did here and there  
Pop in and out of perfumed blooms.  
The puffy clouds danced in the sky,  
And birds by gusts were borne far up.  
Serenity was king this day.
- II. Good Jean at last came to the top  
And from a lofty hill looked down.  
Below him was a valley green;  
And in it was a white chateau,  
A castle whose like had never been seen.  
It shone as frost in sunny light.  
To this place Jean desired to go:  
The strong and mighty *Château de Temps*.

## LE CHEVALIER

- I. Around the mighty castle there roamed  
A knight in black and white, with casque  
That gleamed so much, that Jean pulled down  
His vizor and loudly hailed the knight.  
On horse as gray as stormy skies  
He turned around, but answered not.  
Again bold Jean did call the knight,  
Who raised his hand and shouted out  
In deep and mighty voice, "*Allez!*"

## LA QUESTION

*Who is this mysterious knight who holds in his hands the Lance of Death and the Shield of Life? Who is this knight who rides upon the spirited horse called Chance? Who is this person whose features are hardened by Time? No one knows. They just know that he is here and always will be here—maybe not in the guise of a knight, but in the form of an animal, a house, a river, fire, earth, or in any other shape. He may go away or be conquered, but he will always come back. Who is he?*

## LE DUEL

- I. When Jean refused to ride as bade,  
The knight did strongly wheel about  
And charged—his lance and shield in front.

The lance struck Jean below the heart.  
Yet he no blood did yield, nor feel  
A pain; but he unsheathed his sword,  
Dismounted he who dared to fight  
And from the duel that ensued,  
As victor Jean alone survived.

## LE VIEUX

- I. He rode into the courtyard bleak,  
And there he let his horse take rest  
While he went through the halls and rooms  
Of this dark and occult *Château Temps*.
- II. He traveled through the empty rooms,  
But found no living soul therein.  
At last he reached a room high up,  
From which the country could be seen  
For miles and miles beyond this place.  
He entered here, and on a seat  
He saw an aged man, grown gray.  
The patriarch then spoke to Jean;  
"Come here, my knight, and hear this tale.  
Your lot to hear the destiny  
Of France; so hearken closely now."

## L'AVENIR

*I see in the near future a battle. From this struggle will emerge a band of men who make their way to the Mountain of Destiny, and they will start to climb it. For the first few hundred feet they will climb straight up, but often they will stumble and fall. Then they will ascend to a very great height. They will find a new path, and they will traverse that path. At the end of this new way, they will stumble into a crevice. After a time they will get out and rise to new heights again. For about a hundred feet, they will go straight up with no hindrances—but then they will begin to stumble. They are getting old—too old, and old men cannot climb well. These men will fall, never to rise again; but far off I see young men coming to take their places. I am not able to make out their faces, but these men will rise to the top of the Mountain.*

(Continued on Page 6)

## CANTO II

## L'AUTOMNE

- I. The summer months went on their way,  
And Jean, though mindful of the fate  
Of France, still helped the needy folk.
- II. The skies began to darken now;  
The clouds of yesterdays were gone;  
*La crème de menthe* of hills by now  
Had turned to gloomy russet brown.  
The once green leaves had changed their hue  
To red and quince and ochre, too.  
The fruits were ripe; the berries red;  
The nuts fell down; and then the leaves.  
The once bright green and golden fields  
Were now all barren, brown, and bleak.  
And even now some animals  
Sought homes where they might hide, yet still  
Be safe from winter's frosty snows.
- III. The autumn months went on their way,  
And Jean, though mindful of the fate  
Of France, still helped the needy folk.

## ROLAND

- I. At last the snow and sleet arrived.  
Jean made his way to Roland bold,  
And perils yet unknown to him.
- II. They met at Tours, and Roland then,  
With all his followers and Jean,  
Joined Charlemagne, king of the Franks.

## RONCEVAUX ET LA MORT

- I. To Spain for war upon the Moors  
They went, both confident and gay.
- II. They fought and won and conquered too;  
But, on returning into France,  
Brave Roland, Jean, and many more  
Were killed at Roncevaux, when Basques  
Attacked the rear of Roland's force.

*. . . there will emerge a band of men who shall  
make their way to the Mountain of Destiny. . .*



## DESTINY

A fleet figure dashes around the corner, and looks back furtively. He ducks into a convenient passageway, hardly restraining his panting from betraying his concealment.

"Phew!" gasps Lee. "That *Register* Agent!!! He'll catch me one of these days."

He started back to his home-room, hesitant at each corner.

\* \* \*

The peace and quiet of the homeroom period in 703 is shattered by Mr. Chapin's voice: "Lee, you're wanted in Room 711."

Merrill Lee looked up from the history text in which he was drawing cartoons.

"Oh, heck!" he sighed wearily. "Lafayette will have to do without a mustache,—for a while, anyway. I wonder what they want me for now."

\* \* \*

Various sounds emanated from the gloomy room, as Merrill opened the heavy door. Slam! Too late! The ponderous door had closed behind him, and Merrill found himself trapped—trapped in the dreaded 711, fear of every non-subscriber!

"Get that boy!" A commanding voice rises above the din. A second's silence, and then twenty hands reached out to seize the intruder. Resistance was hopeless . . . and a moment later Merrill finds himself in front of the Lord High Noble *Register* Agent-In-Chief!

With solemn grandeur and majesty, twelve shrouded figures file to their seats. Adjusting a powdered wig on his venerable head, the Lord High Noble *Register* Agent-in-Chief clears his throat, and, turning to the clerk, asks, "The charge against the accused?"

"Total non-subscription, and utter indifference!"

Gasps of horror arise from the throats of the shrouded jurors.

An amazed look plays on the Agent-in-Chief's face.

"Non-subscriber?" he echoed. "Defendant, rise and face the jury."

The trembling figure arises.

"State your case."

"Well — er — ah — um — you see, my brother—"

"Brother?"

Ten nimble figures leap to the sets of files; twenty hands tear through the records.

"Here it is!" shouts their spokesman, and with reverence he faces the Agent-in-Chief.

"Well?" deigns the Supreme One.

"Ginger Lee, brother of the accused, entered 1929 during the reign of Carton I, left 1939—"

Lee's voice broke in, "I meant to say my brother told me it wasn't worth the money to—"

Stark horror sweeps across the faces of the onlookers, and the Agent-in-Chief reaches for a "Bromo". His mind seems to reel and savagely he summons his counterpart. A pompous figure strides in, scattering underlings on all sides. The two greet each other hastily and confer.

Then, the late arrival, Nosnivil, taking Lee aside, whispers soothing literary words into his ear. Still far from convinced, Merrill is turned back to the court. Nosnivil, twirling the index finger of his right hand, bids adieu and bows out.

Impatiently, the Lord High Agent-in-Chief glances at the defendant. "You have decided to buy, then?" A perplexed negative answer greeted the royal being; and he, throwing up his hands in disgust, nods to the jury.

In a bewildered flurry the jury files

out and immediately returns. The foreman hands a large envelope to the court clerk, who delivers it, with all ceremony, to the Agent-in-Chief. The latter reads grimly, "Guilty in the first degree!" And, looking up at the startled youth, he pronounces sentence: "You are doomed to appear before Mr. Retsiger!"

Someone faints. Pandemonium breaks loose. Utterances of horror fill the air, but the judge is adamant.

Merrill Lee looks around, startled, his

face an ashy hue. He had expected to be found guilty, but the fate that fell upon him with the words of that awful sentence was more than even he, a Lee, could bear. There was only one avenue of escape, one refuge from that terrible destiny, a single barrier between him and utter destruction.

"You win," he sighs weakly, resigned. "I'll pay, the first quarter, anyway."

MYRON S. SIMON, '43

SUMNER L. SHAPIRO, '43

## THE REGISTER'S FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET

*The place*—The University Club

*The date*—December 22, 1942

*The time*—7:30 P.M.

*The guests*—Mr. Marson, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Levine, and Mr. Rosenthal

*The hosts*—Thirty-odd senior members of the *Register* staff

*The purpose*—To bring the staff and its advisers together for an evening of fraternity and good-cheer.

Mr. Dunn discharged his duties as toastmaster most admirably in introducing our guests. His inimitable adlibs and his informal manner did much to "break the ice" of formality between master and pupil.

Mr. Marson commented for a few moments on the present careers of past *Register* staff members, proving that *Register* experience is an excellent springboard for a literary career.

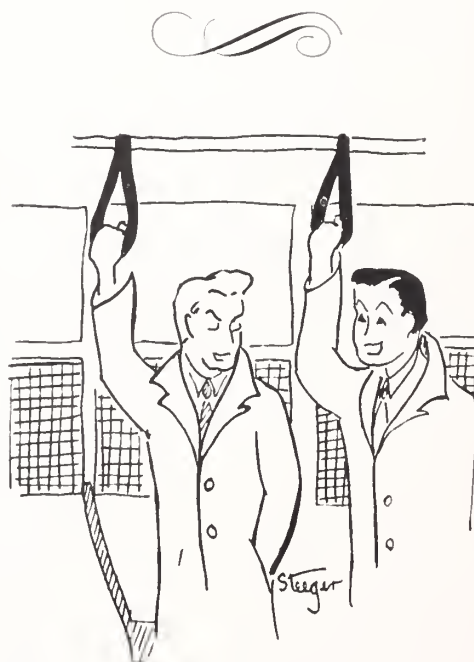
Mr. Arnold expressed his opinion of the value of school friendships through an interesting anecdote of the earlier days of his teaching career.

Mr. Levine reminisced over the *Register* that used to be and told of his part in its evolution.

Mr. Rosenthal upheld the cause of the business side of the *Register* and praised the Business Staff for its excellent work.

After the Banquet we adjourned to the bowling alleys, where Mr. Marson and Mr. Rosenthal severely overwhelmed any team the *Register* could put into the field.

To next year's Staff we strongly suggest the continuation of the precedent made here. A good time was had by all.



"Boy, I just told my teacher where to get off."

## AN INSTITUTION

On the bulletin board in front of the office on the first floor a chart, typewritten on the office's pink copy paper is posted. This ominous-looking affair is merely the schedule of time, place, and judges for Declamation Competition.

Now, we all know that Declamation is a venerable institution of the Latin School, in which each boy, aside from the immune Seniors, must declaim "twenty-four lines of poetry or twenty lines of prose" five times a year. He receives a mark, which is neither counted in school credits nor to which anyone pays much attention. We are all too familiar with the periods spent in listening to Jones give the Gettysburg Address, and Smith, "The Charge of the Light Brigade", and Cohen, "Casey at the Bat". There are, however, some courageous souls who, unsatisfied with room declamation, offer themselves as candidates for Public "Dec". It is these little-known rarities (many wish they were rare) which we shall discuss.

There are three divisions of Public Declaimers—those from Classes VI and V, IV and III, II and I respectively (for some unknown reason classes are numbered backwards.) The first type, Classes VI-V, are characterized by young hopefuls in knee-breeches staring at that schedule with all the apprehension of a man who is about to plunge into a whirlpool. They summon all their courage (and it takes plenty) and walk into the den of the lions for the Declamation tryouts. The three judges who have had the ill fate to be assigned Classes VI-V know what to expect: "Gunga Din" with accent on the din and always someone to extol the virtues of "The Flag" or explain the "Duties of an American". The three lucky (?) ones are

chosen to represent their classes and assigned masters for coaching.

The next Friday at Public Declamation our hero, dressed in starched blouse and knickers, shaking like an aspen leaf and pale as paper, rushes through his piece. Even the look of extreme joy and peace as he walks down the steps from the stage becomes monotonous after the first two.

Our next group, Classes IV-III (still backwards), is a contrast. They are by this time used to the competition and its ways. The three judges are undoubtedly thrilled by such gems as "Spartacus to the Gladiators". The contest is close; but, after "due deliberation (to coin a phrase)", the choice is made. To this group Friday comes as an exciting reward for his labors (he misses the last two periods). As he strides onto the stage, his chest swells with pride (and remains that way until the results deflate it on the following Monday). He makes use of every gesture; he orates; he pleads; he amuses—and all in the allotted time of five minutes.

Our third and most austere group, Classes II-I, is the true product of declamation. For tryout he takes "To Be or Not To Be" or "Is this a dagger I see before me?" Though these pieces never appear on the program, they are stock-in-trade of every declaimer. On the fateful afternoon, after listening to twelve or fourteen "youngsters", he calmly takes over the platform and delivers an oration on "The Bill of Rights". His manner is poised and deliberate (his legs are shaking and his feet are cold).

However, no matter how much friendly fun we may make of Public Declamation, we all realize its worth, even though few would dare admit it.

# BUY

# BONDS

# CONTEST



*Steger*

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO KILL  
THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE . . .





## HERE'S HOW . . .

1. By buying U. S. War Bonds and Stamps you are saving your money for the future. . . .
2. The money you invest in Bonds and Stamps is a loan to your Uncle Sam, which he will repay to you with  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$  in addition in ten years and which he will use to buy the armaments to win this war and to hasten the return of your brothers and cousins in the service. . . .
3. The *Latin School Register*, as its part in the War Bond Drive, will give to each boy in the room which buys the most War Bonds and Stamps during the next four weeks a FREE subscription to next year's *Register*. . . .

### RULES

1. Each room in the Boston Latin School will act as a unit, and the total for the room will be considered, not for individual students.
2. The Contest will run for four school weeks from the day this magazine is distributed.
3. Only Stamps and Bonds purchased through the Latin School shall be considered.
4. The prize will be a year's FREE subscription to the Register for EACH boy in the winning room.
5. The teacher will fill in the form on the bottom of this page and send it when complete to Room 117.
6. The results for each room will be published in next month's *Register*, and winning room will be announced.

NOW GO TO IT—VICTORY IN '43

Rm.	1	2	3	4	



## HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Mr. Dixon (a "nom de plume", as you can see), that seasoned veteran of the "spit-ball" and "gyp-sheet" era, has announced that there will be a test in mathematics tomorrow (during the last period) and slyly hints that the class should study Propositions Numbers Twenty - Five, Twenty - Seven, and Twenty-Eight. But you're no fool. You know he's left out Number Twenty-Six not by mere oversight. Oh, no, not old "Pi-eye". So you study Twenty-Six for only two hours until you know it as well as the "I pledge allegiance" and can say it twice as rapidly. Comes the test (and, remember, you need these five points to pass for the month), and "Pi-eye" gives Number Twenty-Seven. . . . You didn't have time last night to write your German words on a scrap of paper; so, before school, you decide to take the saying "reading between the lines" literally and mark the meaning of "*Das Hof*" and countless others just above the line of type. Lo and behold, at five of ten your home-room master requests your book, examines it, announces he has been observing you for the last ten minutes, and tells you to accompany him, post-haste to Room 111. . . . You're passing by the drinking fountain and notice "Bill", stooping over for a refreshing drink of Adam's ale and, at the same time, providing you with a too-compelling temptation to give him a whack with your physics book on you-know-where. You grasp the book, administer the blow, and notice that "Bill" suddenly has acquired a bald spot and a mustache. It's down to 111 again. . . . You've been developing an excruciating toothache for some time, and just before the Latin test you decide that you can stand it no longer. You leave the room, pack your bag, put on your coat and hat, and,

writhing in pain, trek down to the office for a dismissal slip, the pain becoming more intense at each step. You are thinking only of home, and a comforting pol-oris, as Miss Boylan demands to know the nature of the illness, how serious, etc. After being subjected to this "Where-were - you - on - the - night-of-the-15th?" technique for some length of time, you at last receive your card, valid *only* with the home-room master's signature. Incidentally, your homeroom happens to be on the third floor annex. . . . The assembly is just about to begin, but you have been delayed making up a test for Mr. Wales before school. You know the assembly will be very important, as it will have to do with College Entrance requirements; so you are determined to be there. The test is finished, passed in, and you rush down to the Hall. It is that tense moment just before the Bible is read. The doors are closed, but you are signalled to enter and are shown a seat in the first row. The Head Master, a bit impatient perhaps, glares as you joggle over to your seat. You drop your books, and, in your embarrassment, do not notice that it has already been pushed down and a very small (but oh! how powerful) thumb tack has been placed thereon. Your reaction is a mixture of the Cry of the Valkyries and The Hound of the Baskervilles. . . . It's the end of the day. Weary, fatigued, and bedraggled, you are mopping your brow with a much used mouchoir and chucking the books into your old green bag one by one. You thrust a hand into your right pocket and grope for your keys. Ulp! Not there. Before daring to search the left, you look up at the heavens with a "Spare me, Massah! Spare me!" glance. The left pocket is empty. What to do? You rush down to Mr. Cheetham's. He

has left early, of course. Later Miss Boylan informs you that the only other set of master keys is in the Head Master's possession, and perhaps if you rapped on the door to his private office. . . . Walking in "last-mile-to-the-chair" style, you rap, enter, and explain your predicament. Then, after the massive safe has been opened to procure a pitiful-looking key, you and the Head Master walk up

three flights to have your locker opened. After the ordeal is over, you walk into your home-room to pick up the old green bag, and as you are leaving in the state of utter dejection, you notice something glaring on the master's desk. Your keys. Attached to them is a note reading, "Have you read that new novel, 'On the Carpet' by

JOHN P. McMORROW, '43?"

## BLUE PRINT

In I trip blissfully,  
Feeling most wishful he  
Will like my masterpiece;  
Nor will disaster cease!

"What is that manuscript  
Into my hand you slipped?"  
"An inspiration, sir,  
Penned for our *Register*."

While I wait docilely,  
With his blue pencil he  
Prints out "Rejected"—"Gee!"  
(Exit dejectedly!)

SUMNER L. SHAPIRO, '43



"Don't worry about it, son. The law of averages says you'll pass one anyway."



"Watch out for a quick squirt from the pen! Watch out! 'didn't I keep saying?"

## “THIS IS OPERATIVE 9872 TALKING”

It all happened one evening last September as I was dashing through the third-floor corridor on my way home. As I was passing Room 333, a hand suddenly reached out, grabbed me by the collar, and pulled me in. At first I thought it was my Draft Board, but I soon learned that my fate was to be far more horrible: I was to be a candidate for the post of table captain.

Inside the room was gathered (or corralled) a large number of boys from which the captains were to be selected. We all had to draw straws. The losers were the fellows who drew the long straws and the fellows who drew the short straws. They were chosen for the uncoveted positions. The only unusual aspect of the election was that the straws came in only two sizes.

From that day on we underwent basic training with the Commandos, and, after due preparation, were commissioned table captains. In my case, for the first week all went well. Then, one day, a big muscle-bound chap decided to dine at my table. He showed me his pass, and everything seemed in order. However, when he had finished eating, the table was a mess. When I asked him to clean it up, he refused. I told him; he refused. I ordered him; he refused. Then he slowly got up and began to walk towards me. I could see he wanted to fight, but I wasn't going to let him get away with anything, especially browbeating. Immediately, everything I had learned in training came back to me. So

I puffed up my chest, ground my teeth, clenched my fists, and put on my glasses. Evidently realizing the futility of arguing with me, he walked away.

A short while later I went over to see a friend to find how he came out in the “Math” test that morning. When I returned to my post, I found a note informing me that I was the proud possessor of two marks for abandoning my position. I went over to tell my friend of my misfortune. When I returned, I had two more marks. I went back to tell my friend of my added misfortune, only to find on my return I had two more marks. Then I thought I had better stay where I was because I was only getting myself into a rut.

After this sad incident I grew discouraged, and I went up to Headquarters to resign my commission. Then I ran into real trouble. I was given my choice either of keeping my post or being assigned to the graveyard shift. I decided to keep my post. After all, how would you like to have to dig your own grave?

The members of our organization are, for the most part, pleasant fellows and should go far. Owing to our great popularity, we must continually work in the dark. In fact, our new offices are located in the rooms formerly occupied by *The Inner Sanctum*. We must do all of our work by candlelight, and the candle by which I am writing is being held by a ghost. I must finish now because I hear Boris Karloff calling for his blood. Indian-Giver!

DAVID P. BUCKLEY, '44



## THE CASE OF THE RETIRED COMMENTATOR

"... although this report is completely unofficial, it has come from a usually unreliable source. My correspondent in Istanbul telegraphed this dispatch, picked up from the Swiss radio, quoting the Stockholm Daily Record from the Berlin paper *Tovarich*. . . ."

"Damn," muttered Pereival Falkenstone, springing from his easy chair, where he had been reading *Time*. "I can't stand that tripe any longer". With a few more curses of the same kind, he slammed off the radio.

The newspapers the next day carried an amazing and unusual story. *Commentator Threatened With Death*, read the headline on the New York *Misinformer*. The story was that Gabriel Graham, the distinguished commentator and world traveler, had received a threatening letter from one Mr. X, stating that unless Mr. Graham went off the air immediately, he would come to an unfortunate end. "I feel", said the writer of the note, "as if I were a human benefactor."

Later editions of the *Misinformer* carried a statement from Gabriel Graham: "I am surprised. I have tried hard to entertain hundreds of millions of listeners in the United States and Canada and at the same time to make the people of these two glorious countries understand the many complicated events happening every hour of the day. I am deeply affected. It all seems like a horrible dream. It must be a mistake".

The next Friday night before Gabriel Graham went on the air, he received another communication. He broadcasted, by the way, on Friday nights, because (in his own words) "I want the lovely children of America, as well as their wonderful parents, to enjoy my highly in-

formative talks, without neglecting their essential homelessons. I realize how worthwhile my programs are. I realize how enjoyable they are, but homelessons are a little more important." The letter, from the same Mr. X., read: "It was not a mistake". Mr. Graham, threatened with court action by his sponsor, bravely decided to carry on. He told his radio audience: "The news must go through. My life is of no importance."

"... the Russians may or may not retreat. If they do, the situation will appear ominous. On the contrary, if the Russians hold their lines, the news will seem brighter. The German High Command, no doubt, wants the Russians to fall back, but this point, of course, is debatable. If the German claim that. . . ."

"I warned him", muttered Pereival Falkenstone. "I shall go through with the rest of my plan. No effort is too great to rid the world of this plague".

*Commentator Gabriel Graham retires, Claims ill health, Says successors will take over his superb work* were a few of the headlines in the Saturday morning edition of the New York newspapers. For those members of the public who are not so gullible and are wondering why a well-paid radio commentator should suddenly retire, I'll add a few details that were not included in the newspaper account of the story.

Immediately after his weekly broadcast on Friday night, Gabriel Graham received this telegram: *Warning in vain stop you not alive tomorrow unless release story to press retiring ill health stop this final warning signed Mr. X.* Gabriel did not waste much time. But his sponsor absolutely refused to cancel his contract.

"You are the best paid commentator



in radio, Gabriel. What more do you want? Somebody is playing a joke on you."

"My decision remains unchanged, sir".

"But the contract."

"Damn the contract."

Mr. U. Tryit, the sponsor, was becoming alarmed. To his knowledge, Mr. Graham had never sworn. He continued: "But, Gabriel, America loves you. No one would dare harm you—you, the world's favorite radio commentator. Surely, Mr. Graham, you will reconsider".

"No. . . ."

"But, but . . ."

"My public does not appreciate me any more. I've been reading the hand-writing on the wall. They have been listening to me too long. I shall go off the air and enjoy their torment when my voice is not heard bringing happiness through the airplanes. Then, and only then, when they clamor for my return, I will make my public happy again.

"But the contract. . . ."

"My answer is definite. You should have known by now, Mr. Tryit, that

when I make up my mind, nothing can swerve me from my course. For all I care, you can replace me with that beast that sent me those threatening letters. I have spoken".

The sponsor had an idea. "Well, if you really feel that way about it, I guess nothing I say will change your mind."

"Right."

"I'll cancel your contract. Are you sure, Gabriel, you know what you're doing?"

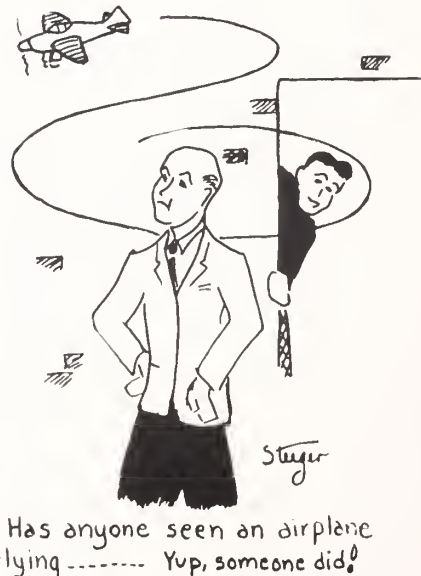
"My mind is made up. Thanks."

"Bye, Mr. Graham."

"Au revoir, sir."

Next Friday night when Gabriel's public turned on their radios to listen to his successor, they heard: "This is Percival Falkenstone, bringing you the news. The latest communique from Moscow says the Germans are retreating all along the line. If this is true, the situation looks good. On the contrary if the German line is holding firm, the news sounds ominous. . . . My correspondent in Berne reports that the Swedish radio."

ARNOLD J. GOLUB, '43





## IF ONLY I WERE HEADMASTER

It was a brilliant idea, if I may say so myself. "Jim" Wakefield and I had at last drawn up the plans for the realization of the hopes, ambitions and dreams of a generation or two of B.L.S. boys before us. We were proud to be the ones whom Fate had designated as pioneers in a great undertaking, blazing a much-to-be-used trail for those who were to follow. Yes, we were to be the consolidators of two opposing factions, the joiners of our Great Divide; in other words, engineers extraordinary of the long-proposed tunnel to Girls' Latin!

I assume you all remember reading about the number of shovels, picks, and compression pumps which were "borrowed" one night in late October from the vicinity of the Huntington Avenue street-car tracks, then being relaid. (You do? Wonderful! You don't? Then take it for granted and go on.) These articles formed the nucleus of our endeavor, which would (we hoped) be completed within a week. With the aid of a few sturdy members of Class VI (whose services were rendered free of charge on the condition that they be allowed to carry our guns in the next street-parade), we made a promising group on those chilly mornings, when we all assembled promptly at eight-thirty in the B.L.S. backyard. I especially remember our last day of this great work. . . .

"All set, Joe?" queried Jim.

"Sure", I answered. "Everybody here?"

"Looks like it. All right, fellas; your chance has come! Not much further to go!" "Eagle-eye" Edwards was then dispatched as usual to his post among the bushes on Evansway to let us know when "Flannel-Mouth" Gogarty (the master notorious for his early arrivals, marks of forty-nine, and flashing ten-karat npper-set) alighted from the trolley. With

this burden off our minds, work then began in earnest. Progress was a bit slow, but the ever-increasing proximity of our goal spurred us on like candidates for the track team, until some time later we judged that we were but ten feet away. At last we had reached the forbidden territory! One of our number, however, (Smith of 309) felt we had gone off our course.

"But our calculations!" I argued.

"What did you say you got in math last month?" he demanded.

"All right, you win. But where ARE we?"

Then shrill voices were heard. Someone was evidently imparting a choice morsel of gossip.

"Well, 'Tom'?" I whispered scornfully, with an added flick of my left eye-brow. "You should have known better. Where there's smoke, there's fire; where there's a test, there's a 'gyp-sheet', and where there's gossip, there is sure to be at least one woman present. Satisfied?"

"Tom" murmured some vague answer, lost in the excitement which followed "Jim's" announcement that someone was approaching from behind. Horrors! Who might it be? Had our cleverly concealed work been detected? Had the news of a general exodus leaked out prematurely?

I was in the midst of such mental revolutions as I wheeled around and came face to face with (have you guessed?) the demon with the brilliant bi-cuspid — "Flannel-Mouth" himself!!!

"Hallo-o, boys", he cooed. "Having fun? You really didn't think I was ignorant of this affair, did you? Had you forgotten I moved to Jamaica Plain and got off at Longwood Avenue now? Heh, heh."

There was but one way out of this, I thought. Perhaps he wouldn't recog-

nize me again if I could only manage to escape. Escape! That was it! As he was writing down "Tom's" name on his ever-present marking pad, I made a dash for the other end of our subterranean undertaking, but "Flammel-Month" evidently had no gum on his shoe that morning. Grabbing me by the scruff of the collar, he snapped, "So! Thought you'd get out of it, eh? You will receive two censures for this!"

He then proceeded to shake me until I felt like an undersized hump of raspberry jello.

"Stop it! Stop it!" I cried. "Please, sir!"

"Joey! Joey! What IS the matter with you?" (What is this angelic voice doing here? I mused.) "Joey! Joey! Nine-fifteen!"

With a mumbling of "Whazzat? Oh, all right," I rose, rubbed the crusty substance from my eyes, and made preparations for another day of drudgery. Perhaps this may explain to a few wondering Freshmen why a certain young man paused at our back door the other morning, looked back dreamily on the back yard, sighed, smiled, and then passed on to brave the dangers of a first-period physics test. *Sic placitum est.*

J. P. McMORROW, '43

## THE WORLD'S PRAYER

O God, please give us strength  
And courage for a mighty task.

Soon let the sack of calm winds fill,  
And open to a stormy sky,  
So they might blow and whisk away  
The blackened clouds that shield the sun.  
Please let this sun shine evermore  
On all the lands of this great world.  
Please make the sterile ground produce  
To cover over blood red fields.

But always make us bear in mind  
The bitter memory of war  
And those who died so that the sun  
Might once more beam on this vast earth.  
Fulfil this prayer of the world.

LEWIS I. GIDEZ, '43

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## FLIGHT

The snow was falling silently over the placid terrain. All was still except for the occasional rustle of the wind through the trees. It was night. The moon, about to set, shone through a rift in the closely packed clouds.

Suddenly a cry broke the silence; a shot rang out; a searchlight swung about. A siren and voices of angry men are heard. The men scatter.

I press flat against the wall. An armed, uniformed man runs by cursing. I let my breath out. I begin to pant.

Silently, slowly, cautiously I slide along the wall. The gate! . . . Alas, guarded! Wait—a rock! I pick it up. With all the strength I can muster after seven months of physical deterioration, I heave it. A thud! The sentry's head turns; he is away, in the direction of the thud. I creep forward swiftly, quietly.

The ruse is discovered. The sentinel calls his fellows and dashes back. I break into a run. Shouts ring out. Rifles bark. My hip! First it burns as if it had been pierced with a glowing iron; then it grows cold as the lead begins to take

effect.

The snow is falling more heavily. My leg has already stiffened. Each step brings excruciating pain. My shoes, soled with paper, flap like wet wings upon my sore and cut feet.

Behind, my pursuers still press on. In front of them enormous hounds strain at leashes, sniffing my bloody tracks, intent on their prey. The wind whines over the open, barren plain.

I falter. My temples throb heavily. My mouth is parched. My empty stomach has a gnawing ache. But I must not stop.

Ahead of me, through the blinding, biting snow, I see a house. At first I think it a mirage. But no; a light gleams warmly from a window.

My head becomes light. My mind begins to wander. I *must* reach that house. The doorstep, at last! I cannot knock. I fall heavily against the door.

\* \* \*

All is calm; all is still, my breath is regular; my body, warm. The room is dark; the bed, soft. I fall asleep.

ROBERT PAUL DAVIS, '43

The plates for Latin School Register

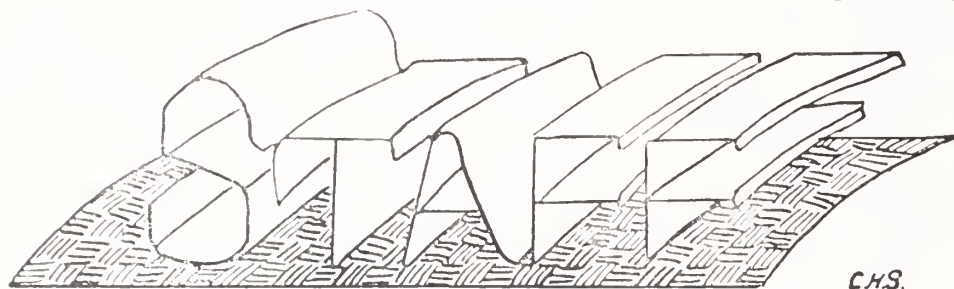
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## THE NEW YEAR

1943! How strange the figure "3" seems! It has that air of "newness" that comes with Christmas packages, ice-skates, and even a pound of butter. Yes, the little fellow with the three-cornered trousers and cocked hat has broken through the calendar pages to replace the worn-out patriarch of the year gone by. His coming is usually met with gayety and laughter and song. Even this second "war-baby" had a heralding almost as vociferous as in years past. The horns, the streamers, the parties, and the gaiety were as noticeable as ever. Why not? It's the one time of the year when there's a chance for the mightiest and the most miserable to "let themselves go". But this year those who joined in the festivities and, even more so, those who did not looked upon this general merry-making as superficial, and rightly so. How can one feel happy when there's a boy in the Solomons, a sweet-heart in North Africa, or a dad listed as "missing"?

This year, however, the little fellow brought more than all this. He brought to a people just beginning to feel war's ugly lash three gifts,—three gifts that are worth more to us than all the money or fuel-oil in the world. He has brought us hope and strength and determination: *hope* for a victorious New Year; *strength* that we may continue our duties, whatever they maybe; and *determination* to go on and on and on till the war is won. The "New Leaf" has been turned over; the page is yet to be written.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out the false, ring in the true."  
May these words be as prophetic as they are timely.

## THE PASSNIX SPECIES B L S U S

B. L. S. sub-scientists have just discovered a new type of pixie. He evolved from gremlins who have been plaguing Air Force ground schools. His body is made up of an undisclosed supersubstance. Teachers are unable to see him because their eyes are not sympathetic to the light-vibrations of this substance. His habitat is in the desks of teachers.

Students often claim after a particularly difficult test that they have seen these Passnixes sitting upon their shoulders, taking a lively and often disastrous interest in the test. A Passnix plays pranks, not out of a spirit of viciousness, but because the world bores him.

His duties consist of supplying the wrong answers from his "Wrong Answer" book, causing the student to write incorrect numbers and accents by jiggling his elbow. Some Passnixes, who have grown too old for these youthful pleasures, ruin the tests at the teacher's desk.

At present the B. L. S. sub-scientists are working on a new type of spectacles which will enable teachers to see the Passnix also. When, finally, teachers can see them, perhaps they will "give credit where credit is due" and "flunk" the Passnix.



## YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!

As many of you have learned through our well-established "grape-vine" system, Latin School's role in the "Schools At War" program will become increasingly evident during the next month. To "start the ball rolling", the staff of the *Register* has an important announcement to make. To stimulate the sale of War Stamps, a contest, never before attempted at B. L. S., as far as we can learn, will be conducted immediately upon the publication of this issue, and last for one month thereafter. A goal of six thousand dollars is sought; and, with the help of each and every one of you, we are sure we can meet this sum. We are not going to force you; but we shall try to convince you that an investment of any better nature is difficult to find. If you feel you would rather spend your money dropping nickels into a "juke-box" or taking "Gert" to the movies, that's quite all right with us; that is your privilege. Most of you, however, will do your share in making this undertaking a great success. Results, room by room, will be announced at a later date. So, break open the piggy-banks and take that green lump out from under the mattress to make B. L. S. the envy of the City schools! If you have an ounce of "Victory Spirit", now is the time to show it!

## THE CANNERS AND THE DOERS

There are two types of people: the Canners and the Doers.

The Canners are people who are forever saying and thinking, "Why, I can do this (or that) if I really want to!" But, strangely enough, they are the people who never do anything more than what is absolutely necessary "to get by."

The Doers, on the other hand, are people who never talk about themselves, but who get things done. A Doer is a person who follows through something he has started to its ultimate end.

Be a Doer.

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## ALUMNI NOTES

Last month the *Register* instituted a service to its readers and to the School by publishing the names of all Service men who have been students or masters at B.L.S. Since that time, we have been receiving names in rapid succession. Our long Roll of Honor is ever-increasing. The latest names to have reached our hands follow below:

Ensign Lester Geist, '37, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Midshipman Alfred M. Segal, '32, U.S. N.

Major John L. Donovan, '20, U.S. Army School of Military Government. Donovan was a recent line coach at Harvard.

Major Ernest Abdalah, '29, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Captain John Daunt, '35, U.S. Army Air Corps. John is one of the youngest captains in the Air Corps, being only 24 years old.

Lieutenant Howard Richards, '31, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Lieutenant Francis H. Gavin, '15, U.S. Army.

Sergeant William F. Cooney, '36, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Leonard Wolsky, '40, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Captain Thomas Cross, '36, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

Private James McDonough, '38, U.S. Army.

Private (FC) John F. Simpson, '38, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

Seaman 1/c Joseph P. Spolidoro, '33, U.S. Navy Signal Corps.

Private Henry K. Kassis, '39, U.S. Army Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft.

Lieutenant Walter Barry, '36, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Midshipman Thomas P. Higgins, '39, U.S. Navy.

Cadet Edward McLaughlin, '41, U.S. Naval Air Corps.

Seaman Joseph Killion, '41, U.S. Navy. 'Bud' was the star blocking back on Coach Fitzgerald's championship football team of 1940.

Sergeant Dana H. Malins, '32, U.S. Army Coast Artillery.

Captain George M. Levy, '33, U.S. Army Chemical Warfare Department.

Captain Richard G. Labovitz, '33, U.S. Army Field Artillery.

Lieutenant Milton M. Sisson, '24, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Sergeant Simon L. Weker, '30, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant-Colonel Abbot Peterson, '00, U.S. Army Chaplain's Corps.

Lieutenant Irwin Basen, '36, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Kevin J. Sullivan, '34, U.S. Army Armored Force.

Lieutenant (jg) J. F. Giacomia, '24, U.S. Naval Medical Corps Reserve.

Specialist 3/c Edward K. Karklin, '32, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant - Commander Walter S. Levenson, '15, U.S. Naval Medical Corps.

Ensign John E. Brassil, '33, U.S. Naval Air Corps.

Lieutenant Morton D. Weinert, '34, U.S. Army Anti-Aircraft Artillery.

Lieutenant (jg) John A. Burke, '32, U.S. Naval Medical Corps Reserve.

Captain James Dixon, '31, U.S. Army Armored Force.

Lieutenant John R. Fitzpatrick, '26, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Edward G. McLaugh, '35, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Albert Damon, '34, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Captain Theodore C. Kahn, '30, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

Seaman 2 c John T. Hayes, '42, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant George J. Ravit, '22, U.S. Naval Medical Corps Reserve.

Lieutenant Simon P. Deime, '28, U.S. Naval Dental Corps Reserve.

Captain George H. Nee, '31, U.S. Army Field Artillery.

Lieutenant Frederick F. Noonan, '36, U.S. Army.

Private Henry G. Holtzman, '39, U.S. Marine Corps.

Private Arnold Feldman, '41, U.S. Army.

Cadet Robert Sinnott, '26, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Richard Mochedlover, '38, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Lyman O. Warren, Jr., '32, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Captain Harrison G. Meserve, '07, U.S. Army.

Ensign Thomas G. Manning, '32, U.S. Coast Guard.

Private Harold Frankel, '30, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Captain Leo A. Kiley, Jr., '35, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Cadet John J. McCarthy, '39, U.S. Navy Air Corps.

Private Milton Katz, '34, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

Lieutenant A. M. Patterson, '36, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant E. S. Dudley, '18, U.S. Army Military Police.

Ensign Charles G. Callahan, '31, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Ensign C. Winston Bigwood, '36, U.S. Naval Air Corps.

Colonel Walter Guild, '15, U.S. Army Chemical Warfare.

Sergeant Frank Levenson, '36, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Captain Mark Aisner, '27, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Carl Lichtenstein, '31, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Major Arthur S. Collins, '33, U.S. Army.

Private Leonard P. Landry, '39, U.S. Army Ski Troops.

Private Karl Miethe, '32, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant-Pilot Edward B. Walsh, '38, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Earl S. Cummings, '40, U.S. Army.

Private Samuel Phillips, '38, U.S. Army Finance Corps.

Cadet John Tabor Lawlor, '38, U.S. Naval Aviation.

Seaman 1/c William M. Hurley, '38, U.S. Navy.

Cadet E. J. Thomas, '38, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Timothy H. Mahoney, '35, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Mason L. Groves, '41, U.S. Army Reserve.

Lieutenant Eugene H. Dorr, '34, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Edward C. McCarren, '31, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Cadet Paul M. Gallagher, '41, U.S. Naval aviation.

Captain Hyman Fisher, '30, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Ensign Louis Shrago, '38, U.S. Naval Reserve.

*Odds and Ends*—Last summer the Pan-American Union held an essay contest for the students of the United States. This contest also extended to all the countries of North and South America. With the thought of hemisphere solidarity, as their theme, students from all over the country participated. When the best three essays, written by Massachusetts students were announced, that of Edward Leonard, '42, appeared second. As a result of his accomplishment, he was awarded a prize of twenty-five dollars and a certificate of award. While at Latin School, Leonard was an outstanding student. He was on the Class Committee, Class Day Committee, Fare-

well Dance Committee, and Band, being both Librarian of the Concert Band, and President of the Boston Public Schools' Symphony Band. . . . At the University of Wisconsin, Robert N. Rapoport, '41, has been honored by being appointed to Phi Eta Sigma, the high scholastic honor society for freshman. The honor of being included in this little group is regarded as the most distinctive that can come to a freshman at the University. The requirements for election to this fraternity are so high that only six per cent of the student body are chosen. . . . Walter

Hoar, '40, outstanding football star and President of the Senior Class at B.L.S., was recently elected President of the Junior Class at Holy Cross. Before being forced to retire after suffering a punctured kidney in the Syracuse game, Walter was regarded as one of the outstanding guards of the East. . . . "Ted" Krajewski, '38, bulwark of the Northeastern University eleven, has been elected by his team mates to lead them to victory next year. "Ted" was deserving of this honor as a mainstay on the Husky line for two years.



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## RAMBLINGS OF YE REGISTERS ROVING REPORTER



*Nov. 25:* The Thanksgiving Eve banquet was held tonight at the University Club (plug). It was a very wet evening. The members of the Class of '43 joined their voices with those of former graduates to sing(?) some school spirit songs, with lyrics by Messrs. Dunn and Marnell.

*Nov. 26:* We had a lovely turkey. (Oh, yes; English H.S. won a football game, 19-0.)

*Nov. 27:* You must excuse ye R.R.R. today as he is spending the same polishing the Chevie preparatory to dancing away his sorrows over at the Sheraton for the Football Victory Dance.

*Nov. 30:* A dandelion to Mr. Dunn for the day's best quip, to wit: "You seniors handle rumors so well that when one of you sneezes near 304, within three minutes you're reported dying of pneumonia near 322."

*Dec. 1:* X-ray pictures of Class I were taken. "Nick" Donelan of 302 tried to have his "Great Profile" taken, but Mr. Dunn said no soap. Some students just had to be held up to a strong light because of their—shall we say—thinness.

*Dec. 2:* Talk about Commando training! Have you ever tried to carry a glass of raspberry Jello from the lunch-counter to a table at 12:22?

*Dec. 3:* Was Mr. —'s face red today? After devoting five minutes to calisthenics and the next five lecturing on the undernourishment of some, he glanced at the clock and realized that it was the second and not the third period. Oh, well, we all make mistakes, sir.

*Dec. 4:* Classes III and IV missed two periods today. Public Declamation. Ah, *utinam, utinam...*!

*Dec. 7:* At the first anniversary exercise of Pearl Harbor the Headmaster stated that the Jap soldier had only two major aims in army life; the first, to have his daily bowl of rice; the second, the opportunity of dying for Hirohito. "Over his first wish we have no control," said Mr. Powers; "but we shall do everything within our power to make his second come true!"

*Dec. 8:* Do you remember reading in this column two months ago of "the certain teacher of a required subject in Class I who was desperately in need of some new rubber casters for his swivel-chair?" Well, today he received not only the casters, but a new chair with a nice soft cushion as well. What a life!

*Dec. 9:* Suggested subject for a February cartoon: Ye R.R.R. dropping a milk bottle on the foot of you-know-who.

*Dec. 10 (overheard in Chemistry class):*  
*Chemistry teacher:* "I doubt that you ginks have done any studying at all this year. Sullivan, what can you do with a base?"  
*Sullivan (hopefully):* "Slide into it, sir?" (*All right, all right; we'll leave!*)



*Dec. 11:* Messrs. Powers, Cleary, and Dunn explained the different methods of College Entrance for this year at a nine o'clock (sic) assembly this morning. Maybe we're just plain "dumb", but we still are bewildered!

*Dec. 14:* Like something out of an S. S. Van Dine tale, two hundred odd (referring to the number, of course) Seniors are slinking silently, stealthily along the upper corridors, avoiding even a glance from that arch-villain "Hawk" Kelley, as he attempts to collect a bit of *geld* from us. Hopeless, muh boy; hopeless.

*Dec. 15:* A new course has been instituted for the benefit of those who insist on skipping over during lunchtime to a near-by drug emporium. Under the Colonel's tutelage we-uns is a'larnin' map-reading and the use of the compass—to find our way back, of course.

*Dec. 16:* Who can solve "The Mystery of the Missing Class of '43"? We can! Most of Class I helped out in the Post-office during the Christmas rush. (Almost any Senior is good for a "touch" now.)

*Dec. 17:* Bach's Believers stepped down a notch from their lofty perch to hear a few selections from the works of those reformer-upstarts, Gilbert and Sullivan. They usually don't do such things, you know. "What, never?"—"No, never!"—"What, never?"—"Well, hardly ever!"

*Dec. 18:* If you saw any Seniors shaking hands with their left mitts today, we hope you weren't alarmed. They were merely showing off their rings; the Class jeweler arrived this noon.

*Dec. 21:* Today's dandelion goes to Williams of 307, who, by the time this goes to press (if ever), will be a member of the United States Coast Guard. He has the honor of being the second of '43 to enlist. Best of luck, "Turk".

*Dec. 23:* Christmas comes but once a year and ditto the awarding of the Grinnell Prize. As many expected, Henry "Hank" Noonan was the recipient.

*Dec. 24-Jan. 3:* No more blood, sweat, toil, or tears (for a while, at least). Vacation days are here at last.

*Dec. 25:* ZZZZ . . . huh? Oh, Merry Christmas! Zzzzzz.

*Jan. 1:* Oooh, my cranium! Happy New Year, ev'ybody! Ugh! Zzzzz.

*Jan. 4:* Back to the old grind and Mr. Marson. *Coises!*

*Jan. 5:* The Senior History Club met today. Soble, '43, spoke on "The History of the Banquet" or "Was Hannibal a Cannibal?"

*Jan. 6:* The thousand and one problems attached to filling out applications for early college admission have finally caused Sir Lee to burst that blood-vessel. Appears to be on the back of his neck, however.

*Jan. 7:* This is the day I'd rather go to English High. The fuel oil shortage has given them a day off. Why, oh why, do we have to be heated by coal?

*Jan. 8:* Something new has been added! Optimistic seniors have received their class rings. Pictures of sartorial splendor, eh, wot?

*Jan. 11:* Well, roll my socks and call me sloppy: Ye R.R.R.'s here with deadline copy! Just in time, eh, Mr. Simon Legree Marson?

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